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THE  
A G E O F L E A D.

A SATIRE,

BY

EDWARD WALLACE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE "LAST MAN," &c.

"A Satire against the softness of prosperity."  
*Shakspeare.*

"Fools are my theme, let Satire be my song."  
*Byron.*

"If you like not my poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing; (though 'tis hard for an author to judge against himself.) But more probably 'tis in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it."

*Dryden.*

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## PREFACE.

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THERE exists between a Critic and a Satirist, nearly the degree of difference that lies between a Poacher and a Sportsman. Your Satirist is a professed author, he takes his regular stand with the *Genus irritabile*, and his subject chances to be men and manners. Your critic, on the contrary, is a mere irregular, a hanger on, a skinner, (with a vengeance) to the noble army of Literary Martyrs.

It is as a Satirist that I have depicted, to her Majesty's liege subjects, the lamentable age in which they have the misfortune to exist, and have done my utmost to reform them altogether.

It may be, that in these times of fancied improvement and feigned intelligence, a Satire called the "Age of Lead" will require some, though very slight, explanation. When Intellect is overspread and concealed by the weaknesses and follies its decline

775463

engenders, as a fire is smothered in its own smoke, the evidences of that calamity are generally too apparent. And such is now the case. Let us look around : from the beggar, whose mind is inflamed with gin and penny periodicals, to the statesman, whose excessive refinement fits him for nothing but a man-milliner ; from the London Miss, whose French and Italian are as unintelligible as her native cockneyisms, to our young Queen, who fills the throne with beauty and the Court with folly ; and what do we behold ? A country, like a lawn just rolled, with all its freshness scattered. The stars of Mind, that till lately had radiated from their centres glory and honour, spread out over the land as with a rolling pin ; tinging all classes—benefitting none. The men—cold, calculating, selfish, devoid of respect to the old, or of chivalry to the fair ; none great—tho' many good ; none talented—tho' many clever ; none wise—but many foolish. The women, all that the eye can desire, nothing that the heart can want ; Instruction, that should be their blessing, made their bane ; the froth of their intellects eagerly cultivated, the holy sympathies of their hearts utterly neglected. Never was education a more broad misnomer—a grosser system of deceit—a more sedulously heated bed of vice and folly. Never were men and women more contented with a luxurious animal exist-



ence than now : for in the most perverted age of the Roman Empire, luxury wore an aspect of grace and magnificence, that far more nearly allied itself to the Intellect than the drowsy Epicureanism of the present time. Nay Epicurus was an Apollo when compared with our reigning voluptuaries. Never were our annals blotted with such blank mistakes in statesmanship ; never did our press groan beneath such sleepy platitudes, or such scurvy thefts as now. And never was Genius so entirely and civilly dispensed with.

It is not a single voice, an unschooled pen, that can recal the buried glories of our country ; but he who speaks out his disdain of wrong, has in some sort washed his hands of the dull torrent, which needs the roused hearts of a nation to impede its fatal course.

London, May 1st, 1840.



## THE AGE OF LEAD.

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WHERE shall I turn? What path shall I pursue?  
By ancient poster, or by railroad new,  
By light balloon, or luckless parachute,  
To seek for rest, where folly yet is mute;  
Where madness makes no effort to be gay,  
And dulness sleeps the heavy hours away!  
Britannia! boast of many deathless days,  
Sere are thy triumphs, withered are thy bays;  
Thine eyes of blue, that flashed with fierce delight  
To fill the revel, or to join the fight,  
Glassy, and dull, reflect no more the fire,  
That rose obedient to thy wild desire;  
And deadly droops thy long uplifted head,  
Bowed to thy bosom by its brains of lead!  
From East to West, from rolling main to main,

I look for glory—and I look in vain !  
The nourisher of nations is no more,  
Her dugs are dry, their fruitfulness is o'er ;  
Her thankless cubs have drained her to the bone,  
And laugh to see her hungering alone ;  
While beasts obscene collecting round, distress  
With foulest gibes the panting lioness :  
And joy to see her, in her glorious prime,  
Crushed by the evils of encroaching time !  
Alas, the sight ! a mighty mind o'erthrown,  
Its various beauties fading one by one,  
Till each bright thought, each feeling strong, decayed,  
Its former greatness proves its greatest shade.  
Alas, the sight ! a form of matchless power  
Struck by the spoiler in its happiest hour ;  
While inch by inch the deadly influence moves,  
And each proud limb the subtle poison proves ;  
Till all the majesty of youth, and life,  
Crumbles to dust in that unequal strife.  
Alas, the sight ! a prize in life's first page  
Enduring all the wearing ills of age ;  
And barred each blessing that on time attends,  
“ As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends ;”  
While misery meets her wheresoe'er she goes,  
And mockery smiles triumphant o'er her woes !  
And such, 'oh Britain ! is thine aspect now,

The snows of sorrow drifted on thy brow ;  
While dullest rulers freeze thy youthful blood,  
And speed the wane of glory's ebbing flood !

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What doleful days ! what drivelling times are these !  
When men run cackling like a flock of geese,  
When all who read, are also wild to write,  
And like mad dogs their barking neighbours bite.  
When weekly works, like flakes of dirty snow,  
Fall on the sleepy land, that snores below.  
When people pray, and preach, and print by steam,  
And think by proxy, and by proxy dream ;  
And swallowing mischief belch it forth in flame,  
Intenser rubbish than when first it came.  
When papers pull each other by the nose,  
And fight like furies, dealing airy blows ;  
While greedy mobs surround the glorious sport,  
And crowd to see the ideal battle fought ;  
When shirtless clowns extended suffrage claim,  
And nameless villains quarrel for a name.  
When shoeless Germans wander here for shoes,  
And museless prozers persecute the muse.  
While canterers still are held in high repute,  
And town's a refuge for the destitute.

When Boz at last has emptied out his brain,  
And 'Humphrey's Clock' wants winding up again.  
When Premiers, pressed, are made at last to prove  
They never loved another's lawful love  
And fat O'C——, with his hungry tail,  
In honest faces dares for ever rail,  
And, bringing beggars from his native land,  
For justice howls, the rint box in his hand :  
Sly, as a fox that creeps beneath a gate  
To grab a chick, that cackles o'er its fate ;  
Fierce, as a wolf that rages in a fold,  
And rends a sheep within its bloody hold ;  
Starved, as a tiger in his direful spring,  
When to his roar the startled forests ring ;  
And cunning, as a jackall in the chase,  
He hides his danger with a dimpled face ;  
Like a hyena chuckles o'er his sin,  
And like a poisoned dagger plunges in !  
When frowning parliaments do all they can  
To make a martyr of a ginshop man ;  
A luckless sheriff, gravelly, gouty, fat,  
Puffy, and pursy, as his proudest vat ;  
Who like a spider gorges in his cell,  
Till well-fed doctors the full senate tell,  
That change of prospect can alone requite  
The turtle-lapper's faded appetite !

And with mysterious nods, and winks, surmise  
Of surfeits dread, and livers twice their size ;  
Then turn him out, the lion of the town,  
That strives in vain to gulp the monster down.  
When dull Reformers, thinking size, and height,  
A certain proof of their increasing might ;  
And bulk unwieldy, sign of better days,  
Have raised a pile the nation to amaze,  
So long, and broad—so deep, and wondrous high,  
The gaping cabman pass in silence by,  
And fancy, as they flog along Pall Mall,  
They see the stones of some huge hospital !  
Reformers, Radicals, a motley crew,  
Dinnerless, houseless, often bedless, too,  
Have piled with labour each perplexing story,  
To prove a lasting pinnacle of glory ;  
And cast each nobler building in the shade,  
To sleep in garrets—they themselves have made !  
Hunger, and madness, here contented come,  
With like companions glad to find a home ;  
And here, they plot designs 'gainst better men,  
The moon is full—and famine points their pen !  
What doleful days ! what drivelling times are these !  
When all are first to publish—and to please,  
Stuffed by the vacant public down its maw ;  
For idiot minds are tickled with a straw.

What mighty change has shifted o'er our land,  
And spread its baseness with a careful hand !  
An age ago—what master minds appear  
Like planets shining thro' the atmosphere ?  
What mighty names of what most mighty men,  
Greeted our island with their greatness then ;  
And stood like gods in majesty erect,  
A focus of concentrated Intellect !  
Take fifty years—and wander back again,  
What power was girdled by the rolling main !  
What British spirits, long the Briton's boast,  
Like beacons lightened Albion's sacred coast !  
What souls of honour, armed with eloquence,  
Arrayed pure truth in wisdom's mighty fence,  
Till the awed senate rose as each began,  
Or hushed to hear the matchless Sheridan !  
Who hurled around the lightning of his wit,  
That flashed on all, from senator to cit ;  
And took by storm each half bewildered brain,  
That heard his powers—but answered not again !  
When Chatham, first in learning as in might  
Enforced the greatness of his country's right ;  
Her friends defended, and defied her foes,  
And sank at last—like glory's sinking close ;  
Amid the trophies he himself had raised,  
Amid the honours of a world amazed ;



Where as he fell, with ebbing breath he cried  
“ Oh save my country heaven !” and pausing—died !  
And Pitt, the son of an immortal sire,  
Alike enraptured with a patriot’s fire,  
Swayed as he would the ever moving mind,  
That shakes like rushes to the changing wind !  
And Burke, the thunderer of common sense !  
The hand of faith—the tongue of eloquence,  
The patron of desert—the poet’s guard,  
Whose life was glorious as its long reward !  
And classic Wyndham, blessed by bounteous fate !  
And Fox, from childhood destined to be great ;  
Whose perfect taste, and talents vast and good,  
Earned him the eminence on which he stood !  
And last of all the props of our renown,  
Unhappy Canning—dashed too early down !  
The wit, the orator, the statesman rare,  
Whom hatred harmed not, danger could not scare ;  
Felled, when his fortune shone so bright and high ;  
Stilled, when his voice so sweetly filled the sky ;  
Torn from our councils when required the most,  
The last remains of Britain’s laurelled host,  
Has fallen :—and with him fell the latest ray,  
That seemed to lead us to a better day !

These were the glories of our weary land ;

These *were*—alas, that thus the line should stand !  
But souls surcharged with all that's good, and great,  
Like common clay must bend to ruthless fate ;  
The arm's proud strength, the mind's unclouded ray,  
Like baser things at last must wear away !  
Their limbs are dust—and dew their vigorous breath,  
Stopped by the doctors, and the hand of death !

We look around us, and behold instead  
A race of idiots, and an age of lead !  
While life is taught us now by line and rule,  
And every cottage has become a school ;  
Where demon education has possessed  
The sons, whose sires in ignorance were blessed !  
Each clown, whose father could not write, nor spell,  
Is taught to plough grammatically well ;  
Or as he follows at his horse's tail,  
In halting English 'gainst his betters rail ;  
And, jingling morals in his wooden skull,  
Confounds the parson's sermon—ever dull !  
From high to low, from low to high again,  
The clouds of dulness settle on each brain ;  
And town, and country, church, and gloomy state,  
Alike unmurmuring, yield them to their fate !

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First to the throne we lift our eager eyes ;  
How do our thoughts with loyal ardour rise,  
When, on the footstool of that purple seat  
We see a lovely woman's little feet ;  
And proudly placed within its golden arms,  
A glorious vision of the fairest charms !  
What peace is ours, to turn our gaze above,  
And see serenely soar a spotless dove ;  
Whose snowy wings, extending far and wide,  
Move like heaven's spirit o'er the swelling tide ;  
And with their beauty calm each stormy sea,  
That round the tottering nation rages free !  
What joy, to see that happy thought portrayed,  
A Lion waiting on a lovely maid !  
Intent to act according to her laws,  
To grind his teeth, or raise his horrid paws !  
Alas, to think her ministers could dare  
To shave the masses of his flowing hair ;  
And clip his lashing tale, whose mighty stroke,  
For glorious years, the chains of slavery broke ;  
Alas ! to think her servants could not pause,  
From slyly paring off his powerful claws ;  
And his strong teeth extracting one by one,  
Till what commanded awe, excites but fun !  
And the vast monarch of the forest fears,

A Russian bear might pull him by the ears,  
And he not dare—tho' smarting with the pain,  
To howl with rightful rage—nor pull again !  
What wonder is it then, our graceful Queen  
From luckless tumults turns to change the scene ;  
With Youth, and royal merit to repose,  
So, takes a Consort to relieve her woes ;  
And fleeing sorrow in his loved caress,  
Forgets the danger that around her press.

But woe for England ! when her honour fell  
Beneath the deep designs of darkest Hell ;  
When, all her former victories forgot,  
She lost her courage, just when she should not ;  
Reformed her senate, and deformed her face ;  
\*Gave way to clamour—sealed her own disgrace ;  
Failed in her wisdom, frightened by a crowd ;  
And rose again, like Lazarus—in a shroud !  
From that dread hour, has faction hastened on,  
With stride gigantic hurrying towards the throne.  
From that dread hour, the people ruling all,  
Have planned their ruin in their rulers' fall.

\* No sow gelder did blow his horn,  
To geld a cat, but cried Reform !

*Hudibras.*

From that dread hour, the scales of power broke,  
Has left all open to an earthquake's stroke ;  
And the just balance taken from the Crown,  
Has left unmet the fools that rail it down.  
The mighty barrier, that had lifted high  
Its fearless front against rude anarchy ;  
And saved the people's blood, the Sovereign's tears,  
Stamped with the glories of a thousand years ;  
Repelling back the murmuring multitude,  
Who dared to criticise the public good ;  
And giving Intellect its proper sway,  
Till Britain shone o'er earth—a second day ;  
Has fallen to ruin, ne'er to rise again,  
Thro' the dark councils of designing men ;  
Has fallen to ruin, with one parting sigh,  
Whose sound still lingers in the heavy sky ;  
Whose echo still must peal a warning tone  
While madness lasts, or Britain boasts a throne ;  
While the vile sextons of that sacred trust,  
Shall safely triumph o'er its hallowed dust ;  
Till England's bones are finished by the Rads,  
Nor pickings left the Whigs—the Devil's Cads !

The tree of glory by that measure cleft,  
What vigorous branches has the hatchet left ?

\*What mighty souls are mingling in the strife,  
 Shields of our faith, and bucklers of our life ?  
 Does one reflect the glory of our sires ?  
 Not *one*—but many emulate their fires !  
 Yes “ Praise be blest,” as Nicol Jarvie said,  
 Why should we maunder o’er the mighty dead ?  
 Chatham is gone—but M——, tho’ decayed,  
 Still curls his wig, and looks a loving blade ;  
 And sniffs the air, and spreads his ears as wide,  
 As some old donkey by a common’s side,  
 When shaggy sisters of his solemn race  
 Curvet before him in an amorous pace !  
 M——, who steers the vessel of the state,  
 Flirts and resigns the tedious helm to fate.  
 And like old Honeycomb is wont to move†  
 Round littering fair ones, whispering vows of love ;  
 Or some poor butterfly on broken wing,  
 That straggles round the produce of the spring,  
 Looks at the sweets it can no longer taste,

\* The Senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

I thank them ; and would send them back the plague,  
 Could I but catch it for them.

*Shakspeare.*

† Who made love in old age to the daughters of the fair ones he  
 had solicited in his youth !

Then totters to the next in envious haste ;  
Or like some elderly enamoured man,  
Who strives to please with all the powers he can,  
Forgetting quite, that age must needs remove,  
The various graces that give life to love.  
Too idle far to feel a patriot's flame,  
Yet not too idle to usurp the name,  
And shifting like an eel his slippery ground,  
By giving up whate'er he doubtful found,  
He wriggled on, and ruled at last the people,  
Stuck like a weather-cock upon a steeple,  
That veers—but not so fast as *he* can veer,  
From each slight air, that breathes of danger near !  
Where then our wants ? what need of Chatham's mind ?  
That could not change, as his, to every wind ;  
That could not keep, like him, his fickle state ;  
Nor on a bullying Commons fondly wait ;  
Nor slap his pocket, rooked of every vote ;  
Then creep for shelter 'neath a petticoat !  
What need of such supports ? In these proud days,  
Another sort of glory craves our praise !  
The vilest tricks succeed the powers of old,  
And worthless lead outweighs the virgin gold.

Thanks to the gods ! no need of heroes now,  
To fright the front of danger's bloody brow ;

Or drive the stifling vapours from the crown,  
That long continued dulness has drawn down !  
What need of statesmen to instruct our youth,  
To veil in pleasing mysteries the truth,  
Or show us how, with ease to turn our tail,  
And first against, then with, our conscience rail ?  
For lo ! the faded beau, Lord P——,  
Always in office, whether right or wrong,  
By long experience soonest is aware,  
Of the varieties from foul to fair ;  
And how delightful it has ever been  
From fair, to foul, again to change the scene.  
Though always useless, he is always gay ;  
And a good coat procures his Quarter day ;  
And though for ever absent from his post,  
That happy absence saves the nation's cost.  
Then flutter on, a foolish feeble man,  
Whose days are dwindling to their shortest span !  
But still in Venus' pastures wilt thou rove ?  
And still like M——, mock thy youth of love !  
Uncommon Lord ! wilt have as many wives,  
As thou hast consciences—and cats have lives ?

Immortal powers still bless our favoured Isle,  
And at—or on—our statesmen deign to smile !  
And laughing cherubs shake their violet pinions,



As pertly pass these props of our dominions !  
As N——, the great, trips lightly by,  
And waves his perfumed handkerchief on high ;  
That fleeting, wavering, phantom of a thing,  
That struts, and scowls, like some hob-goblin king !  
With form of evil, and with face of spite,  
He leans to wrong, but turns away from right ;  
The rogue releases, and the villain frees,  
But leaves the poor beseeching on their knees ;  
Breaks the strong jail to let loved ruffians loose,  
But tucks Misfortune in their well earned noose ;  
Then like Lord Ogleby, repairs his face,  
And sticks each dimple in its proper place !  
Great man ! His soul above his daily work  
Floats like a long drowned dog, or rotten cork ;  
And his vast spirit, scorning toils of state,  
And picking out a more peculiar fate,  
Claws purloined thoughts in one promiscuous pile  
From the dull rubbish of this dreary isle,  
And dishes up a novel *à la mode*,  
As dustmen scrape the refuse from each road ;  
Then laughs to see the labours of his nails,  
And stalks about, the Turk with many ‘ tales !’

What curious little animal is here,  
Whose stunted body tells of wretched cheer,

Whose peaking face proclaims a needle mind,  
Most sharp before, a tiny hole behind ?  
Is it a tailor ? or a tailor's son ?  
A school girl's ghost ! or haply little J—— ?  
That chirping voice declares his awful name,  
It is—the essence of a R——'s fame !  
Behold, the leader of a certain house !  
Their little leader, squeaking like a mouse,  
Stands on his hat to speak a speech of might,  
And turns to see—if Daniel thinks it right !  
Daniel—unlike the Daniel of the den  
Who was among the modestest of men,  
Smiles with benignness at his little friend,  
And lets him chirrup to his story's end ;  
Then pats him on the back, and takes him down,  
Nor lets him longer risk his empty crown !

Who is this Daniel ? Daniel is a man  
That fed on humbug ere his life began !  
A portly hero ! A huge ponderous pile  
Of stuff, and talent, from the Emerald Isle !  
Who walks the house, and wields a lengthy tail,  
That flies about him like a thresher's flail ;  
And beats the chaff from out the honest wheat ;  
Which tasteless chaff he tramples 'neath his feet,  
And makes subservient to his present use,

To spoil the state—and prove John Bull a goose !  
Long used with ease to gull each Irish clown,  
He bundled up his traps, and came to town ;  
And there, astonished at his own success,  
The silly English he deceived no less ;  
And found himself, ere knowing how to deal,  
Poor Pat's apostle, preaching up ' Repeal !'  
A sound logician—learned in each degree,  
Plunder his plan—still 'justice' was his plea ;  
'Justice,' he cries ! ' Within my heart I lock it !'  
Then looks with longings at his neighbour's pocket !  
One point obtained, another was required ;  
Till the thought struck him—he had ne'er been hired !  
And, fancying poverty a want of sense,  
He turned collector of Hibernian pence ;  
Stuck up a begging box in every church,  
And left the lawful beggars in the lurch !  
With strong antipathy to deeds of death,  
He swore no bullet ere should stop *his* breath ;  
And took an oath—an oath before high heaven,  
In such a corner never to be driven ;  
Nor stand up target for a living man,  
For well he knew, his breadth was many a span ;  
Then, chuckling in his sleeve, he showed his might,  
And classic Billingsgate flung left and right !

Laughing at honour, over-leaping shame,  
 He raised the dirty triumphs of his name ;  
 And proudly seated on a pile of mire,  
 Compelled with muck each soul to his desire ;  
 And proved to those, that winced from such a king,  
 That fighting sweeps was not the cleanest thing !  
 He spreads a leprosy whene'er he talks,\*  
 And outraged feeling flies him as he walks ;  
 While, rolling slowly on his filthy way,  
 He bows each minister beneath his sway ;  
 And, like the rushing in his native land  
 Of some black pool, that bursts its boggy band,  
 And floods its muddy stream o'er house, and town,  
 He bears his odious influence round the Crown.  
 Moves through the measures of the humbled state,  
 Like Death delighting in the ills of fate ;  
 Sways the weak councils of each learned ass,  
 Like some dread viper gliding 'neath the grass ;  
 And sneaking, creeps about with vile intent,  
 The foul-mouth'dst† creature 'neath the firmament !

\* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Timon of Athens.*

† Hang him, swaggering rascal ! Let him not come hither ; it  
 is the *foul-mouth'dst* rogue in England.

*Henry IV. Second Part.*

Sir Fretful now, in fiery D—— frets ;  
That fuming Radical ; that prince of pets ;  
That old king Coal ! Adored by all the vile ;  
Whose sweetest sight's to see the 'million' smile ;  
Whose proudest hope's to feel his towering nob  
Fanned by the garlic of a shouting mob ;  
And hear the clapping of unwatered hands,  
While midst the refuse of the soil he stands !  
That glorious statesman ! who resigned the gage  
Of a most solemn trust—in fit of rage ;  
Fled in a huff—forsook his sacred charge ;  
And back returned aboard a collier barge !  
Like a spoiled child, that spits upon his cake,  
And howls with passion, for the paltry sake  
Of some poor plumb another child has found,  
And foully flings it on the dusty ground !

But all to B—— must give immediate place,  
That mountebank of mischief, and grimace !  
Who, always out, longs always to be in ;  
Nor holds chicanery a heavy sin.  
Bred to the law, of which he nothing knows ;  
Feared by his friends, and laughed at by his foes ;  
One day for whigs, who tremble for their place ;  
The next for tories, who detest his face ;  
He hurls his hate—and proves at every fling,

‘A little learning is a dangerous thing !’  
Various—his talents, as a man can think ;  
Thin—as the water that the ‘temperate’ drink ;  
Noisy—as magpies in the month of May ;  
And superficial—as is all they say !  
One day he writes a Penny Magazine ;  
The next, to graver labours shifts the scene ;  
And gives the history of learned men,  
With all the rancour of a jaundiced pen ;  
Against the praises of the nation rails,  
And in each woolsack sticks his envious nails !  
Then to the house for evening sport he goes,  
And round on all delighted deals he blows ;  
The Premier rubs his hands, and looks askance,  
Presto ! the harlequin is off to France !  
Thus year by year, reversed with every moon,  
Has danced along this elderly buffoon.  
Yet time, a-weary of the wandering fool,  
Has left him still the lowest in the school ;  
Without one title to respect or place,  
His character as battered as his face !

What fear of foreign foemen ? tho’ I vow,  
Our very bowels are rebelling now !  
And the internals of our favoured land  
With pangs, and spasms, kick against command ;

While—debts abroad, and creditors at home,  
Our rising members 'gainst our stomach come !  
But what of that ? Who thinks our state a noddy,  
Unblessed his bed—unburied be his body !  
With such old Solomons, as these I name,  
Who fears revolt, revolting be his fame !  
Who thinks our splendour savours of decline,  
When such sage guards like—pots of pewter shine ;  
And spread around the halo of their might,  
Like stinking meat that glistens in the night ;  
May fate forget that other victims call,  
And stop his starving spirit first of all !  
Not these alone—but other sapient men,  
Brood o'er the nation ;—like an ancient hen  
Placed by hard luck upon a heated plate,  
Whose right leg first, then left, supports her weight !  
Old toothless crones they mumble o'er each word,  
Silly and slow—like chosen of the Lord ;  
Or more like strumpet Dalilas that dare  
To spoil the strength, a thousand years might spare ;  
And lulling glory in their damned embrace,  
The lovely source of every power erase ;  
Shave the thick honours from their country's head,  
And leave her bare, and helpless as the dead !

Away with fancy ! Truth will cry aloud !

Thou many headed brute, yeleft a crowd,  
List to my voice ! and if my memory wane,  
Thy own dark woes will spur it on again !  
These are the guardians of thy country's cause,  
That deal disgrace behind the ponderous laws,\*  
And scud like clouds before the shifting wind,  
Nor care what sacred trusts they leave behind !  
But can these creatures be, whose leprous sway  
Unrols the night, and spreads it o'er the day,  
The staff on which thy country's hand should rest ?  
The kind of cubs to nourish at her breast ?  
No—let their rule be passing as 'tis base,  
Take a wet sponge, and wipe them from her face !  
Rise ! Britain, rise ! regain thy former strength !  
Thine ancient energies revive at length !  
Look back : what honours bloomed upon thy brow !  
Look up : their ghosts are grinning at thee now !  
Look forward : what disgraces ready howl !  
Look round : what greedy foes about thee prowl !  
Whichever way you turn—where'er you go,  
Around, contempt, before you, waiteth woe !  
And why ? your rulers, by opinion tost,  
Forgot their honours, faltered, and were lost !

\* And skulked behind the laws.



'Tis true—your rascal cries procured the deed,  
That now has brought you to your greatest need ;  
'Tis true—your senseless clamours, mounting high,  
Drew on your head the vengeance of the sky ;  
'Tis true—your murmurs, threatening all that's dread,  
Echoed among your rulers' brains of lead,  
Till the dull Senate madly listened long,  
And fancied woes, reformed to certain wrong !  
But then—unlearned in each disastrous turn,  
That folly led to, till you'd nought to learn ;  
Small wonder was it that you stumbled then,  
Edged slyly on by false, and silly men !  
Now—skilled in sorrow, perfect in disgrace,  
Regain once more your long abandoned place !  
Rise like a lion from your lowly bed,  
Shake off the villain dust that fouls your head ;  
Move on towards glory with undaunted might ;  
Reform the wrong—again to certain right ;  
One faulty step repair, one fatal turn,  
And show the admiring world you've nought to learn !  
But this be sure of—Virtue will not keep  
Her front untarnished in a miry deep !  
Honour, unused, will waste itself away !  
Glory, forgotten, grows too quickly grey !  
Reform, or now, or never ! Every hour  
Darkens the storms, that o'er thy misery lower.  
Each day, that drags its moments o'er thy shame,

Plucks the last blossoms from thy withered name.  
Each hour that rolls in heaviness along,  
Thy lowly baseness will in death prolong.  
Refresh the leaf before it fade on high ;  
The burning brand extinguish ere it die !  
Why should the fame of ages pass away,  
Like a poor player moving thro' a play,  
“ That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,”  
And then is heard no more,” destroyed by age ?  
Why should the Mother of the modern world  
Her crest o'ercome, her mighty banner furled,  
Crouch like a slave before the march of Mind,  
And give her glories to the raging wind ?  
Is honour extinct, or is genius dead,  
And all alike with dullness overspread ?  
Do none remind us of her ancient pride,  
That once flowed on as boundless as the tide,  
Which now all idly wears the useless shore,  
Her dwindled navies frightening earth no more ?

Yes !—One there is, exalts these humble rhymes,  
An iron monument of other times !  
That, like a bulwark 'gainst encroaching waves,  
The howling tempest of destruction braves !  
And stands unmoved within the black abyss,  
Whilst darkly round the waters roar and hiss ;  
Repelling back the whispers of the crowd,

For hate too noble—for their love too proud !  
His heart from boyhood fixed on Glory's goal,  
He felt her radiance fill his eager soul ;  
His eyes from boyhood fixed on Honour's star,  
All meaner hopes he left behind him far ;  
And binding fickle fortune to his will,  
New honours gained, and fresh ones longed for still !  
Till risen proudly to the height of fame,  
His after care was still to keep that name ;  
And hold untarnished his well earned renown,  
Alike the guard of people, and of Crown !  
In war unequalled, and in peace the same,  
The slow to quicken, and the wild to tame,  
His stern unbending sense of right, and wrong,  
Carried the senate, and the fight along ;  
And his unerring judgment bore him through  
The darkest mazes to conclusions true ;  
While friends with rapture hailed his words concise,  
And baffled foes their hatred deemed a vice !  
Such was—such is—and such will ever be,  
For glory dies not with the brave and free,  
Immortal Wellington—the statesman—chief,  
Whose name will make debate, and battle, brief ;  
Whose mind alone will point the way to fame,  
When nought is left us but his noble name ;  
Whose soul will strengthen with a band of steel

The ancient pillars of our common-weal,  
When, the most perfect wisdom of a breast  
That fed on honour, points his place of rest ;  
And each bright precept, that alone is left,  
Too truly tells of what we are bereft !

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Behold yon angry crew, that loudly raise  
Such doleful clamour for extended ways ;  
And widened churches call a solemn proof  
How far the Arch-Deceiver keeps aloof !  
Like silly shepherds they absurdly hold  
Their crooks the tighter o'er their empty fold ;  
And fancy, to enlarge the useless pen,  
The surest way to get their flock again !  
Alas, poor people ! are your pastors mad ;  
Or bricks and stones so cheaply to be had ;  
That other churches you must further find,  
For the amusement of the whistling wind ?  
Their self-elected champion, tough M'Neile,  
Whips the dull sorrows he pretends to feel ;  
And as he shouts for fuel for each fire,  
Kicks the slow asses that his help require ;  
Then for an English drum, or Indian gong,  
He bangs his empty scull to cheer them on !

Each rosy Rector bows his reverend head  
Beneath the influence of this age of lead,  
And, slumbering, sees with half shut eyes the paw  
Of the grim wolf refill his hungry maw ;  
Then starts to find his flock becomes so thin,  
And frights the heavens with redoubled din ;  
Roars, like a miser o'er his parted pelf,  
And all things curses but the cause—himself !  
Alas, how fallen the followers of the cross !  
Their's the disgrace, but our's the heavy loss !  
They eat, and drink, and sleep, as did their sires,  
But quenched their light, extinct their noble fires !  
They fume for place, or fight for broken straws,  
Contend for honours, but forget the cause ;  
Or, seized with rage enthusiastic roam  
Through distant climes, nor look to foes at home !  
A race of booby John the Baptists bless  
Each sandy plain, and thorny wilderness ;  
And 'mongst a herd of wondering slaves disclose  
A fiery manual of maddening woes :  
Till trembling blacks, with terror turning blue,  
Confess the pleasing mysteries are true ;  
While each poor mind, unlearned in wrong or right,  
Is more than ever sure the Devil's white !  
Abroad they lift their voice, but leave at home  
Their wandering flocks to feed the hag of Rome,

Who, furious long with famine, feels at length  
The glorious symptoms of increasing strength ;  
And sets her snares, and spreads about her wiles,  
And still, like Richard, murders as she smiles !  
Where is the use of teaching tribes to pray  
In a more orthodox, and easy way,  
When clamorous Doubt, like coiled and knotted snakes  
With many heads, our pure Religion shakes ?  
Or rescuing dirty Hottentots from hell,  
When sad dissent confounds the citadel ?  
Or teaching squat Chinese to turn from evil,  
When unrestrained amongst us roams the devil ?

Dull are our clergy as he can desire,  
A menial pack that work for dirty hire,  
Feeding from flesh-pots, every finger bent  
To hook the blessings which the Lord has lent !  
They mutter morning prayers for midnight woes,  
Or chaunt a lesson thro' uplifted nose,  
Pay a parochial visit, if it shine,  
At six o'clock they saunter home, and dine.  
Such are their duties, save on Sunday, when  
They rise mysterious like no common men ;  
But like a chancellor, in band and gown,  
Or other donkey panniered by the Crown ;  
And with a solemn and sagacious air,

Stride to the house of slumber, and of prayer ;  
Pressed with the produce of no common head,  
An hour's discourse, relieved throughout with lead !  
And there each right and left delighted damns  
All other fancies as officious flams,  
Allowing scarce the virtue, from his throne,  
Of any body's bible but his own ;  
And hardly waits to hear the loud amen,  
Secure that none dare answer him again !

Or Humbugs evangelically stand  
On tiptoe canting thro' the weary land ;  
And, fancying they are chosen by the Lord,  
Deal direful nonsense dolefully abroad ;  
Whiffle long prayers, and patch their loud discourse  
With murders, blasphemies, or something worse ;  
With fire and famine frightening their fold,  
Till Britain burns with Egypt's plagues of old !  
While Saints, so called, a self-elected pack,  
Turn every text to answer every tack,  
Flit through the " Book " like unsubstantial elves,  
And damn the world—to deify themselves !

Such is the genus Parson ! Yet there are  
Those that would emulate the christian Star,  
Knew they the way ;—but dullness o'er each head

Crows like a cock upon its dunghill bed ;  
So the sly devil plays his usual part  
And the weak head perverts the willing heart.  
Taylor,\* and Barrow,† long departed hence,  
And Paley‡ left but in his eloquence,  
Where is the intellect that can confute  
The spreading darkness of the Romish brute ?  
Where is the mind of virtue, and of light,  
Whose powers can dissipate the coming night ?  
'Tis true that Howley's brightness shining round  
Casts a soft glimmering thro' the far profound,  
That shows alas, more plain the growing evil,  
And holds a candle to the hungry devil !  
Lighting sly B———— as he sells his Lord,  
And adds another shilling to his hoard.  
But Howley's virtues, joined with Howley's sense,  
Will hardly stay Rome's damning influence.  
Her demon doctrines that have long lain mute,  
Like dreaded serpents trampled under foot,  
Recovering, rear them from the tainted ground,

\* Jeremy Taylor.

† The sermons of Barrow, with his treatise on the Pope's supremacy, include the whole domain of theology and morals.

*Quarterly Review.*

‡ Paley's *Evidences and Natural Theology* are too well known and appreciated to require any further notice here.



And spit their withering venom far around !  
Still Rome's vile church, that proud deceiver, tries  
To spread her baneful influence, ere she dies ;  
And, gathering all her energies, improves  
Her lying wisdom, as she onward moves.  
Like some expiring beast, whose mighty throes  
Prelude the ending of its mortal woes !  
That poisonous spouse of idiot Ignorance,  
Whose crimes more miseries leave as they advance,  
Like a dark ghoul, returning from a grave,  
Rolls toward our shore upon the trembling wave ;  
And plants her foot upon the blasted land,  
O'er which she gladly spreads her skinny hand.  
While Parsons roar—as if a shout alone  
Would scare the famished Tiger from her bone !

Debased, degraded, and by all despised,  
By God abandoned, by the Devil prized ;  
Nursed in the lap of infamy, and sent  
On earth for man's especial punishment ;  
Bloated in body, and deformed in mind,  
A living slander upon all mankind ;  
In heart a wanton, and in face the same,  
A filthy bearer of a filthy name,  
Stands Rome's foul church ! The vices round her cling,  
And crowd like vermin 'neath the vulture's wing !  
Ye grinning demons who delight in woe,

Instruct me well her villain wiles to show ;  
Each vile event unrol before my view,  
Portray each basest scene in colours true ;  
And prove, with all the powers of your art,  
The blackest workings of her cankered heart,  
That pours its bubbling poison far around,  
And stills for ever Virtue's latest sound ;  
That, rising from each bosom like a knell  
Tells of its fall beneath the plots of hell !  
Adultrous ! Turn your gloating eyes within,  
And gaze upon that hideous load of sin,  
Which rising, as your black heart gapes for ill,  
Expands, and heaves, to meet your cursed will,  
And swelling, like the tides beneath the moon,  
Has blown your body to a big balloon !  
Think ! ere your o'er-fed limbs you do undress,  
And nightly wallow in your wickedness,  
Of each young heart, whose everlasting shame  
Still more degrades your seared and leprous name ;  
Of those, whose hopes and fortunes to control,  
Still more you've damned your doubly dam-ned soul ;  
Of those, whose thoughts by thee are turned to evil,  
And sold to sin—thou pander of the devil !  
Think ! Thou abandoned fury—only think !  
Of those, whose steps you've led to ruin's brink,  
Nor stopped—until as black and grim as thou,

Became at last each pure and sunny brow ;  
Until—how changed from what they used to be,  
Each looks a worthy relative of thee.  
Thou base, thou low, thou loathsome hag of night !  
Can none but Christians serve thy cureless spite ?  
Can none but those, who kindred claim with thee,  
A moment quench thy thirst for infamy ?  
Thou pimp ! thou pander ! thou unblushing liar !  
Thou mountain of unsatisfied desire !  
Dost thou not also—to defame and slay  
Each pure decree, that stops thy deadly way,  
Form lies so laughable that none on earth  
Can hear them, and not know from whence their birth ?  
So plain the lies—that each cries to the other,  
“ I am a lie—and Rome’s my dirty mother ! ”  
Thou scarlet plague spot ! Think what thou hast done,  
And hide thee trembling from the honest sun !  
His cheerful beams can bring no joy to thee,  
Yet night increases more thy misery !  
Poor plotting fool ! poor drivelling brainless thing !  
Thou biter bit ! Thou puppet on a string !  
Moved by thine evil passions to undo  
Thy wretched self—and silly partner too ;  
Unhappy Ignorance—that puny fool !  
Fooled by a fool ! *Thy* miserable tool !  
Thine easy victim ! Thine unthinking spouse !

Who meekly bears the burden on his brows,  
Which your most tender, true, and loving, care  
In wife-like modesty has planted there !  
What dost thou live for ? But to gormandize,  
Thou filthy glutton—crimson to the eyes !  
And what will be thine end ? Thou wretch accurst !  
On some rich banquet thou wilt gorge—and burst !  
Thy villain soul, in guilty deeds grown grey,  
On waves of oil will howling float away ;  
And thy black heart, upon the greasy flood,  
Will boil and bubble in its blacker blood ;  
While, stretched like some huge porpoise on the floor,  
Will lay thy carcase—that must feed no more !  
Think what thou art !—Or rather hear me tell,  
Thou artful, base, blaspheming, witch of hell !  
And think what thou hast done—and yet would do,  
Thou fiend more wicked than the world ere knew !  
And yet so plodding, and so dull art thou,  
Thy muddy brains can't bear thee safely through ;  
But, failing, leave thee, midst thy schemes of evil,  
Hated by man—and laughed at by the devil !  
And so, debased—I quit thee—damned for ever,  
And bound with torments that no time can sever !  
But yet my last and parting prayer receive,  
And may it to thy soul for ever cleave !  
Hear it, ye gods ! Remember it on high !

May Rome's red Beast—diseased—dishonoured—die !  
But not before the woes her arts have spread,  
Recoil in tenfold fury on her head ;  
And make her, as they rise a ghastly throng,  
In misery drag her weary life along !  
But not before the hearts, that curse her now,  
With flames of madness scorch her brazen brow ;  
And, turning back her deeply venomed soul,  
Through her hot veins its liquid poison roll !  
But not until, before a sickening world  
Each filthy deed in blackness is unfurled ;  
And each foul thought, that broods within her breast,  
To all mankind in thunders is expressed !  
And then—when all shrink back, as from a thing  
Whose slightest touch must shame eternal bring ;  
And when each tongue a universal curse  
Records on her, who never can be worse ;  
And when she moves o'er nature like a blot ;  
Then—may she long to die—but living—rot !  
And sink at last upon the reeking sod ;  
And howling imprecations 'gainst her God ;  
Rush like a demon thro' the depths of hell,  
And meet the master she has served so well !

---

To the fallen Stage in sorrow let us turn,  
Melpomene bewails her broken urn ;  
And young Thalia, bright alas, no more,  
With sadness sees her loveliness is o'er !  
Like weeping Rachels comfort they refuse,  
While stretched in death the children of their muse ;  
And soothing aid with anger they deny,  
While ranting sons their fathers' fame decry ;  
While deep-voiced heroines would a Siddons move,  
Or ambling misses a new Jordan prove !  
How changed the times ! When every sacred line  
Of deathless Shakspeare found a voice divine ;  
And Henderson, or Cooke, or Kemble, rose,  
The magic vision of embodied woes ;  
When Young, or Siddons, or the fiery Kean,  
In breathless wonder rapt the moving scene,  
And showed the audience, with their powers intense,  
That laurelled writer's proud omnipotence.  
How changed the times ! When Garrick held his sway,  
And Colman furnished many a living play,  
That caught the passing manners as they sprung,  
While actors painted what the poet sung.  
How changed the times ! Alas, how short their span !  
When Genius first inspired young Sheridan,  
And Wit with lightning tipt his eager quill,  
And Wisdom waited on his wondrous will ;

When King\* first feathered his unfledged renown,  
Secured his glory—and increased his own.  
But sure our theatres now have grander scenes,  
In this bright age of Penny Magazines ?  
Lo ! Covent Garden grants us as a boon  
A Diorama, gliding to a tune ;  
While Drury Lane's a den for every beast,  
And asses, lions, leopards, prove a feast ;  
Where gaping crowds, and worse, a gaping court,  
Rush to the beauties of the bestial sport !

What demon is it thus pursues our stage,  
To dull the actors in this latter age !  
In long perspective many an honoured face  
Secures our fathers from the like disgrace ;  
And Macklin, Betterton, and matchless Quin,  
In Fame's bright roll the brightest still are seen ;  
While Parsons, graceful Pope, and Abingdon,  
Proclaim the way such triumphs then were won ;  
And Yates, and Barry, well prepared the way  
For Siddon's to complete the drama's sway !  
The Muses now with eyes averted mourn  
Their favourite temple, thus exposed to scorn ;  
And Shakspeare turns away his hallowed face,

\* King was the original Sir Peter Teazle.

His plays brought forward but to meet disgrace ;  
And, like the Roman conqueror of the globe,  
His fading visage muffles in his robe !

Alas, M —— ! wilt thou ne'er refrain  
From mangling sore his time-respected strain ?  
Reflect, that tones of beauty will not make  
Atonement for the beauties that you break  
Nor rays of grandeur, flashing here and there,  
The injured author's smothered sense repair !  
Nor bursts of fondest feeling answer well  
For murdered speeches, mouthed to make them tell !  
Each part of Shakspeare from thy paw release !  
Pass on thy ways—and let them sleep in peace !  
In other heroes prove thy Genius well,  
In Richelieu, Claude Melnotte, and William Tell ;  
And gentle Ion, that sweet Monologue,  
The author calls it *play*—a merry rogue !  
There hast thou proudly raised a lasting throne,  
There mayst thou reign, and if thou wilt—alone !

But thou, who luckless in a mighty name,  
Thy father's son, must ape thy father's fame ;  
And prove that talents like a hat, or gown,  
From sire to son descend directly down ;  
Unhappy art thou in thy high estate,



By birth unfitted, and unpropped by fate !  
How must thou feel, amid thy mimic woes,  
The public pulse—and graduate the dose,  
Lest too much folly, in too short a time,  
Should turn to ridicule thy mock sublime ;  
And the pert donkey, thro' the lion's skin,  
Should peep—and end their groanings in a grin !  
Yield K—— the younger, yield to common sense,  
And learn the audience not to feel—but fence !  
The foil's thy kingdom. Turn from passions fierce,  
And teach the mysteries of Carte and Tierce !

Yet one there is among the motley crew  
Whose heart to Shakspeare's measure answers true ;  
And Gobbo, Roderigo, and the swain  
That dug Ophelia's grave, we see again ;  
As Shakspeare drew them, so Ben Webster draws,  
And fills each portrait with deserved applause !

But Davidge now withdraws him from the strife,  
Forgets his glories, leads a quiet life ;  
His conquests keeps for more auspicious days,  
Nor on a stage disgraced his power displays !

The rest are nothing—save one veteran true,  
Who lives to show us what our sires could do ;  
'Tho' fled his fire, tho' fallen his strength at last,

He stands a noble record of the past ;  
And tho' his triumphs now are nearly o'er,  
And mighty Falstaff treads the stage no more ;  
In lighter parts can Dowton fail us never,  
And Dr. Cantwell cants as well as ever !

Alas, in long defile a dullard host  
Before me glide, like fogs along the coast !  
The tragic grin, the comic heroes sigh,  
And heroines simper as they saunter by.  
Amongst the idiot tribe can none repay  
The toil of sleeping out a five act play ?  
Yes, Glover ! Who can 'gainst thy graces rail ?  
"Thou latter spring ! All-hallown summer !" Hail !  
Lively as ever with thy laughing eyes,  
Still dost thou please us, still dost thou surprize,  
And still, with air as youthful as thy daughter's,  
'Mongst merry hearts commit thy usual slaughters !

And Nisbett too ! Ah, Nisbett, fair as gay !  
Bright as the dawning of the month of May,  
Which the old poets so intensely sung,  
When life was fresh, and glowing fancy young !  
How lovely grows Beatrice 'neath thy care,  
Lively as lovely—fiery as she's fair !  
How lightly Lady Teazle sweeps the stage,

That fondest plague of frittering old age :  
While Rosalind, the sunny slave of love,  
Bright as the day that blesses her above ;  
Or radiant Constance, laughing life away,  
Alike are formed to show thy dazzling sway !  
Thy perfect acting would infuse a light,  
'Thro' the rude chaos of this present night,  
Could Genius, darting like a beam of day,  
Drive the black vapours from the stage away ;  
Or smiles, that sink, like diamonds thro' the deep ;  
Raise the dull drama from its leaden sleep,  
But, like the morning star, that lonely burns,  
Thy sparkling beauty nought around returns !

Orger, and Farren too, unequal shine,  
The first in fun, the last in art divine !  
Orger's true humour draws our warmest praise,  
And Farren wins us with his finished ways.  
Well dost thou, Farren, work for thy reward,  
The weekly ducats doled into thy hoard !  
For what can make the moments hurry fleeter  
Than thy Lord Ogleby ? or poor Sir Peter,  
That wealthy wooer with a wanton spouse,  
Who ever fearing rubs his tingling brows ?  
In trifling farce, in opera, or in play,  
Who makes the hour so sweetly glide away ?

Whate'er the part, a perfect portrait stands,  
And the glad gallery clap their greasy hands.

Alas, that K——, once an honoured name,  
Which ably filled the loudest trump of fame,  
In these dark days should dwindle to a sign  
Of doting folly, dulling its decline !  
Lo ! ancient Ch——, who in his early days,  
With credit filled some parts in certain plays ;  
The mad Mercutio perfected with care,  
The silly Cassio finished to a hair,  
Young Benedict, whose brains were out of use,  
Caught in a trap that could not catch a goose,  
And the stout Falconbridge, uproarious knight,  
Who always bullies whether wrong or right ;  
Yet murdered others with remorseless roar  
Till Tragedy was startled out of door,  
And Hamlet's mother, dragged from wing to wing,  
Blushed at the bulky offspring of a king ;  
Now dreaming, what will age not often dream !  
He robs the world of happiness supreme,  
In binding up his body for the tomb,  
And not enlivening our present gloom ;  
Pockets the fee that wins him from the stage,  
And makes respectable his failing age,  
Then frights the lamps once more—most melancholy,

‘ Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste,’ sans all but folly !  
Fingers the cup that should relieve his pain,  
Then totters two and twenty o’er again !  
Turn, K——, turn ; resume thine ancient state ;  
Retrieve thy fortune ; and amend thy fate !  
Wilt thou proceed ? Then doff thy faded vest,  
And hang a calfskin on thy recreant breast !

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Now let us take another, wider, field,  
And scan the wealth our literati yield !  
What piles of paper, and what ponds of inks !  
How hands must write, and brains intensely think !  
What stores of learning to instruct our youth !  
What streams of incense to the goddess Truth !  
How blest our country—bearing such a heap  
Of—strong inducements to perpetual sleep !  
Or worse—of quires of poison, that would harm,  
Did not its monstrous dullness break the charm.

Behold yon sage, whose dark and sallow face,  
Declares the subtle mischief of his case ;  
Whose wavering gait, and gloomy downcast eye,  
Show that he feels the anger of the sky ;  
And bears within his breast a brooding mind,  
That loves to loathe, and vitiate mankind !

'Tis a sad author of some sorry books,  
That tell of Ladies, Marquises, and Dukes ;  
Ladies, whose love delights in lawless fire,  
Whose useful virtue ne'er impedes desire ;  
Stout Marquises of opera renown,  
Passionless roués, weary of the town ;  
And beardless Dukes, most finished profligates,  
Who end in happiness, and cheat the fates !  
A tale of filthy fire, he foully spins,  
And calls it Love—and ends as he begins ;  
Makes some fair Cyprian play the heroine's part,  
And some accomplished blackguard win her heart ;  
Draws each damned struggle with the dearest gust,  
And shows how love may end at last in lust ;  
Then tells of burning tears, and fiery sighs,  
Till maidens reading melt in vile surmise,  
Or dashing proudly down the leprous book,  
Grace the soiled pages with no second look !  
A man of many words, he pours them forth  
In dashing eloquence—'tis all he's worth !  
His heroes ever shame the human race ;  
His heroines glide along with beaming face ;  
Perfect in all but that, which can alone,  
Make woman perfect—Virtue's shining zone,  
Perfect in all but that, which passed away,  
The fairest fade—the loveliest lose their sway ;  
Without which blessing, like the moonbeams bright,

They glow, but warm not with their powerless light !  
Cease, slanderer, cease ! Beware of Woman's fame,  
Nor let her blushes prove thy shameless shame !  
Cry clothes ; or starve ! But never more awake  
A woman's weakness—for thy pocket's sake !

From lady novelists, a tribe of books  
We monthly get—all lovely as their looks !  
Pure, as the lids that close their sleepy eyes ;  
Soft, as the sighs, that from their bosom rise ;  
Sweet, as the rosy lips thro' which they glide ;  
Calm as their love ; and chilling as their pride !  
Three volumes each—no need of stories now,  
Fresh from a white, and often noble brow ;  
And drawn from life—each varlet in the street  
Now reads how lords can drink, and ladies eat !

But see another, of another kind,  
Whose lowly birth explains his lowly mind ;  
With quips, and quiddities, and humorous sparks,  
The food of milliners and the fun of clerks,  
Comes H—— ! With many a jest drawn out a mile,  
And many a tale his dullness to beguile.  
One droning chapter's holy as a church.  
The next in vice leaves M—— in the lurch ;  
One howls a prayer, or humbly begs a blessing,  
The next describes the art of venison dressing ;

Voluptuous here—there piggish o'er a dinner,  
A ruffian here—and there a canting sinner ;  
While here he pertly struts a lordly elf,  
And damns all common creatures—like himself ;  
And there with sleeky face, in oily tone,  
He craves a slice—the nearest to the bone ;  
Smiles to my lady—cringes to my lord,  
And earns with chat his trencher at the board.  
Go, feeding H —— ! find out some lonely spot,  
Where, with your silly works—you'll be forgot !  
Patch up your soul—prepare your latest breath !  
Nor hunt your patrons, like your jokes—to death.

These are the most recherch  of the lot,  
May heaven be humbly praised for what we've got !

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Now to the Drama let us turn our gaze,  
First driving off the thick and gloomy haze,  
That silly fools in this most silly age  
Have spread in billows o'er its dusty page !  
Lo, T—— smiles, with gentle nodding head,  
And crisp curled wig—the patron of the dead !  
He rifles Greece to find, mid all its dust,  
One tragic tale on which to put his trust ;  
Roams thro' each play—prefers Euripides ;



Purloins his pages with the greatest ease ;  
Each scene decyphers, tho' in ancient Greek ;  
And makes old heroes in new language speak.  
Lights upon Ion, leads him to the day,  
Makes a sweet poem but a sorry play ;  
In softest words pourtrays each softer thought,  
All sound and sweetness, signifying nought ;  
And brings him up a sad, but nice, young man,  
Whose fate was fixed long ere his life began ;  
Then ends him, as we all would end I wis,  
Kissed by his love, and dying on the kiss !  
The next o'er which our tragic poet poured  
His piteous rage was an Athenian lord,  
An orphan lad, who walked in rugged ways,  
And, "fallen on evil tongues and evil days ;"  
Was caught, and captive by Corinthians made,  
Among whose slaves he stalked a solemn shade ;  
And bowed his head, nor felt misfortune's rage,  
Till the tired audience snored him from the stage ;  
Since which, thank God, our author's heard no more,  
Turned from the drama to attend to law.

But welcome B—— ! Genius' favourite son ;  
Behold the deeds of triumph thou hast done !  
The toiling French with monstrous trouble write  
Some lengthy tale—you bring it to the light ;

They rack their brains—you bear the prize away,  
And spoil whole scenes to furnish up a play ;  
They wreath the laurels that adorn thy brow ;  
They are the jackals, and the lion thou !  
They hunt from dark recesses of the mind  
Some lovely scene—you, lagging far behind,  
Leap like a lion on the dainty bit,  
And murder French to please an English pit !  
Richelieu, for instance, bears an honest face,  
And chubby cheek as tho' of English race ;  
Turn it about ! it seems a long dull thing,  
That might from British beef and pudding spring ;  
Regard it well ! it looks a heavy play,  
At which the gallery well might doze away ;  
But cast it off as one of doubtful race,  
Avoid a villain with an open face !  
And this is of the worst ! Saintine can tell\*

\* The Spartan love of ingenuity prompted the teachers of that stern republic to encourage their youth to pilfer whatever fell in the way of their fingers, which peccadillo was readily pardoned provided the young gentlemen had the tact to conceal their theft ; but the classic Bart. seems to have studied in a less rigid school, for his appropriations are generally too evident to escape detection. Not only the best scenes and the most startling incidents, have been the production of other minds, but those trifling touches which mark the individuality of a play, and are peculiarly the province of Genius to

Whether or no it earns the title well !  
His mangled scenes for mercy cry aloud,  
Their loveliest fancies folded in a shroud ;  
His beauties butchered, and each perfect page  
Into tame English tortured for the stage !  
And Lyons' foolish Lady too declares  
Its author has collected from the cares  
Of other sages, which all line for line,  
And word for word, in his flat pages shine.  
Blest fate ! that thus the trump of fame can blow  
With others' labours, and with others' woe ;  
And gain applause, as Croly did of yore  
With scenes that Croly\* fancied long before ;  
Blest fate ! that thus can father as its own  
The happiest hits that gained long past renown ;

supply, for these he is also indebted in a palpable manner to some brother author. I need hardly allude to the fine refusal of the dowry in *La Perouse*, "an indistinct recollection of which furnished him with the outline of the *Lady of Lyons*"—or to the speeches of Richelieu to Mauprat (alias Marillac) where he charges him with *theft*, and tells him the amount of his debts, &c. in M. Saintine's exquisite novel of *Une Maîtresse de Louis XIII.* Indeed the best scenes of that tale have been pillaged with a freedom that astonishes a less practised speculator.

\* Croly's "*Pride shall have a Fall*," whose best thoughts now grace the *Lady of Lyons*.

And spice a sailor's\* whirl upon the tide  
With the choice riches of Mazeppa's ride ;  
Blest fate ! that fills a novel or a play  
With the best writings of a better day ;  
Till foes afraid to speak—for fear they blame  
Some worthier man—in silence pass his name !  
And friends—all eager to adore his power,  
Bewildered read—and lose the auspicious hour !  
While those—nor foes, nor friends—more keenly feel  
The eight commandment tells them—not to steal !

And Pl—— next, a mere translator stands,  
His ears oft greeted with applauding hands ;  
Who turns French dramas into English plays,  
And founds on farce his title to our praise.  
He finds the Brigand, words it not amiss ;  
Takes plays from Scribe, and coolly calls them his ;  
Never attempts a fancy of his own,  
But builds on others' toil his sole renown.  
And these—and such as these—are all our boast,  
Their labours sent them by the foreign post ;  
And now, when postage costs a single penny,  
We may with reason look for twice as many !

But are there none, who make amends in half

\* Vide Sea Captain.

For the slight sense of each dramatic calf?  
Knowles, aptly christened Sheridan, has proved  
That not in vain our elder bards he loved !  
For Beaumont, Massinger, and honey Ford,  
Have touched with ancient fire each stirring word !  
The Hunchback instance, or the Chase of Love,  
The trusted Wife, will what I argue prove,  
And Woman's Wit, and others, all pourtray  
The healthful feelings of an earlier day ;  
When words stood strongly in their native strength,  
Nor figures trailed along in weary length.  
But, what excites our wonder chiefly, Knowles !  
Is the sure way thou readest women's souls ;  
And next to Shakspeare in those mighty arts,  
Unfoldest all the workings of their hearts !  
Most great thy praise in that achievement great,  
To pierce their thoughts so fine and delicate ;  
Dive thro' the mysteries of each lovely breast,  
And show the passions sleeping in their nest !  
The fickle Julia, fine 'neath every fate,  
How perfect drawn—How truly accurate !  
The merry Helen, stolen direct from nature,  
Her laughing heart as lively as each feature !  
And Marianna peerless as a wife,  
Who held her honour dearer than her life !  
And the free Constance ! And fair Lydia too !

Most different all, yet all to nature true.  
Well may'st thou pause, such happy labours o'er,  
But Knowles ! The hungry nation longs for more.  
Well hast thou earned my humble meed of praise ;  
Dost want increased renown ? Write other plays !

---

How sing our poets, when nought sings beside,  
Music no more to deathless verse allied ?  
Like fatted pigs they wallow in their lines,  
Or bristle up like fretted porcupines !

And lo ! the self-applauder, W—w— holds  
His lengthy ears aloft, and loudly scolds ;  
Indignant that a fearless scoffer now  
Should bare the poppies reeking on his brow !  
Think not the hour of reparation's past ;  
The time draws slowly on—but comes at last !  
Age, that's respectable, I will respect,  
But hope not *thine* thy mischief will protect !  
Base Charlatan ! Whose rhymes, and hobbling prose,  
Have led a world of women by the nose ;  
Till sons, applauding what their mothers praise,  
Themselves have muddled in thy miry ways ;  
Great Quack ! Uplifting loud this brazen cry,

Ye grandames!!! What a mighty man am I!!  
Admire my verses! Mark their depth profound;  
Dive as you will, you'll never touch the ground!  
Riches unseen invite the curious gaze,  
That from their grandeur shrinks in dread amaze!  
Great Man! Whose names the worth of words import,  
One hundred thousand—value, half a groat;  
Great Proof! How most the silly world delights  
In him, who vaunts his literary rights;  
And sets the donkey on the highest throne,  
That has the most untiring baritone;  
How hast thou, with thy rubbish overlaid,  
The young attempts of poets in the shade;  
And with a wetted blanket covered o'er  
The embers of the poetry of yore?  
Is it the sleekness of thy 'Milk white Doe,'  
That shadowy symbol of more shadowy woe,  
Where silly sorrow simpers in slow verse,  
Whose sound has saved us many a nightly nurse?  
Has this, each brain converted to a log,  
And dulled the learned like a London fog;  
Filling each sleepy poet with the lead,  
That crowds the cells of thine enormous head?  
"Or Duddon's\* drowsy Sonnets"—that pourtray

\* One hundred Sonnets, on the river Duddon!

A mind as futile as its passing spray,  
A maudlin impulse that has feebly wrought  
A coil of words, false images of Thought,  
In streams that flow as noisy as the tide,  
That bubbles on—but dreams of nought beside?  
Have these dull signs of a devoted fool  
Spread the flat influence of thy Lakish school?  
Or the ‘Excursion’—full of tedious fable,  
By some one aptly called the ‘Tower of Babel’;  
Whose hero is a wandering pottery man,  
Who threads his way thro’ towns, and where he can,  
To sell his trumpery wares; and as he goes  
Aye moralizes in most wretched prose,  
Chopped into certain lengths to make it pass  
For the blank verse of a still blanker ass;  
And maunders line by line, and page by page,  
With all the dull garrulity of age;  
Piling a heap of senseless slow pomposity,  
That’s quite a literary curiosity?  
Does this strange mass of undigested sound,  
This second chaos, yet still more profound,  
Still more impenetrable to the light,  
On which the will of heaven would *waste* its might;  
Darken our Letters with its rolling mud,  
And drown our learning—like another flood?  
Or haply ‘Peter Bell’—who goes his ways



A pedlar bold, and—like his donkey—brays ;  
 And—like his donkey—thinks a primrose small  
 Is just a little primrose after all ;  
 Nor—with the muddled author—can suppose  
 It can be other than a pale primrose ;  
 But—than his donkey a far greater dunce,  
 Conceives a man a dozen things at once,  
 And thinks of punch, and tea, and hell, and glory,  
 Because he's drowned !—then potters on his story ?  
 But why relate such rubbish ? Tell as soon  
 The drunken drivel of some low buffoon !\*  
 Why from the depth of baseness draw such stuff ?  
 Macbeth, and so do all, cries hold, enough !

\* The solemnity, with which, for many years, the critics have  
 approached this rhymester would excite our astonishment, did we  
 not recollect the fine eulogium passed by Canning, upon that  
 exquisite little poem

The queen of hearts  
 She made some tarts.

A ballad, that will certainly never “be erased from our literature,” and which ought to take precedence, though only by half a step, of ‘Betty Foy’—

Canning's touching appreciation of the mournful line

And took them *all* away,

may suggest to some future critic, the means of duly proclaiming  
 to the world, the pathetic beauties of the much admired lilt

We are seven<sup>1</sup>

It cannot be—and yet alas it is,  
Our spinsters love such balderdash as this !  
Not they alone ; but those whose kinder fate  
Had else intended to be truly great.  
Polluted with such platitude, each soul,  
Once destined for a long and high control,  
Forgets its brightness, leaves all sense behind,  
Attired in rags, to whistle to the wind !  
So Coleridge\* fell from glory, and became  
A dull supporter of thy drowsy name ;  
Tore the thick honours from his forehead mild,  
And played strange antics to amuse each child !

No book that rolls oppressed with lead to print,  
But has some twaddle of your spinning in't !  
No chapter stands, however short or long,  
But crowns its top with some old idiot song,  
Picked from the crannies of your crazy soul,  
Where words on words in blest confusion roll !

\* Alas, that the ' Ancient Mariner '—' Christabel '—' Wallenstein,' and other fine poems, should be disgraced by Odes to Simplicity—Donkeys—Fairies, &c.

Poor Coleridge's *worst* style, as well as his destroyer's *best*, are immortalized with the happiest effect in the ' Rejected addresses,' which perfect satire is still in the hands, or heads, of every one.

E'en the great B—w—, on his well filled page\*  
 Sticks some poor precept of thy doting age,  
 Where like a toad, all withered, cold, and dead,  
 It foully squats to dull the Readers' head !  
 And Barry,† feeding on thy sleepy page,  
 Has fallen away to fritter out his age ;  
 And, stupified beneath thy fatuous rhyme,  
 Has falsified each promise of his prime !  
 And tender T—n—s—, to prove thy son,  
 The little that he did, has long undone ;  
 And proved the silliest of the cockney school,  
 Aping the follies of a cureless fool !  
 All love thy wailings—and all lose their wits,  
 From grubbing Lakers up to soaring Cits !  
 And all have spread thy dullness o'er the land ;  
 Till taste, diseased, starts ready to their hand ;  
 And rubbish prized, drives poetry away,  
 And all that tells of glory falls their prey.

\* Could we believe this gentleman's novels his own production,  
 our admiration would be unbounded, but having traced the work  
 of his agile fingers, in his dramatic gleanings, we are less disposed  
 to imagine these fine compositions to be the birth of his brains.

† Barry C——ll, whose ' Dramatic Scenes ' display great powers,  
 and exquisite feeling—but whose other poems are as ridiculous as  
 the devoutest worshipper of W—w— can desire.

Else how could folly in such madness burst,  
And Pope's proud mansion sink to ruin first,\*  
Dashed to the earth by him, whose wretched soul  
Was placed within him—to preserve it whole?  
Oh idiot fate! how chanced it that you gave  
Your choicest relic to that tasteless knave?  
Who deaf to laws of honour, and of God,  
Levels each chamber with the lowly sod,

\* The most signal instance of the cold Epicureanism, of the present age, is the wanton act of the rabid devastator who has levelled to the earth the sacred dwelling of Him of Twickenham. Not only is the graceful Villa, decorated by his polished mind, torn to pieces; but the grotto, so linked with the pleasant and pathetic passages in the life of this exquisite being, has likewise fallen a sacrifice to the barbarian who owned the hallowed spot. The very willow that the gentle Pope planted from the twigs which bound some present from Italy, the first weeping willow seen in this country (fit experiment for a poet,) that also has been levelled to the ground.

Strange contrast to the proud sympathy which has dictated to the noble owner of Strawberry Hill, the most scrupulous preservation of every trifle that the accomplished Walpole, either collected, or made important by his use of; would that more frequently, the sublime maxim of Schiller outweighed the sordid proverbs of the money market—

‘For time sanctifies,

And what is grey with age, becomes religion!’

Where He once lived ; whose Genius makes our Isle  
With matchless beauty still contented smile !  
Whose perfect taste's long proved, and peerless sway  
Lights our base Letters with a living day !  
Whose heavenly rays stream down a hundred years,  
And thrill our feelings—till they flow in tears !  
The graceful Pope ! whose Genius haunts each spot,  
Tho' quenched his hearth—tho' desolate his grot ;  
Tho' brutal force, urged on by brutal mind,  
Has bared each sacred covert to the wind ;  
Where *he*—who purified his wondering age,  
And left to future times his deathless page ;  
Improved the mighty efforts of his mind,  
Or left each care, and worldly toil behind,  
To hold high converse with great Bolinbroke,  
And laugh at follies from their sheltered nook ;  
With golden steps pursue each glorious dream,  
Or lightly chat o'er every passing theme.  
But fallen the fane—once hallowed by his breath,  
And all, that told of Genius, lies in death !  
A pismire triumphs o'er the poet's bones,  
And ruffian hands remove the honoured stones !

What times more sad, than these I fain would mourn ?  
They scoff the *master*—but the *pupil* scorn !

Pope they dishonour—Byron they disgrace,  
 Deny his noble form its rightful place ;  
 With cant disclaim all virtue in his name,  
 And feed *their* folly—foulling *his* great fame !  
 A wretched Chapter, and a villain Dean,  
 On the dead Lion vent their petty spleen ;  
 And bar the Abbey\* 'gainst his glorious name,  
 Sealing their own disgrace, and country's shame !  
 Vain fools ! to think their bigotry can stay,  
 The spreading bounds of his immortal day ;  
 Or cloud the lofty light his Genius leaves  
 With the dark slanders of a den† of thieves.  
 Proud idiots ! Battenning on the people's pence,  
 How dared they vomit forth their vile pretence ?  
 Nor shroud the dearest honours of our Isle

\* It is strange, that in these days, Bigotry should not only be allowed to show her fangs, but also to use them ; to the destruction of our highest sympathies, and to the injury of the very cause she so fantastically worships. How will future times believe that a whole nation permitted those honours to be refused to one of its mightiest spirits, which have been accorded to others less great, and far less good—and that too on a question of cant ?

† What makes a Church a den of thieves ?  
 A Dean, and Chapter, and white sleeves !

*Hudibras.*

In the first niche of their degraded pile ?  
Weak saints ! who thus would hold their faith on high,  
By damning all that's great beneath the sky ;  
Inventing thus 'gainst *him*, their hateful spite,  
Who dared advance the royal road to right ;  
Nor stooped to cant, and doze, and sing, and nod,  
But raised his noble brow—unbared to God !\*  
Immortal Byron ! thou hast left behind  
What none can touch—a pile of mighty Mind ;  
Formed like an altar towering on high  
Where Genius offers incense to the sky !  
Like Pope, you rest, where Poets well may rest,  
Clasped like an infant to its mother's breast,  
Who, long delighted, on her favourite smiled,  
And then received again her favoured child.  
Like him, you scorn each sounding epithet,  
That thousands read, and thousands soon forget ;  
And choose, like him, some calm sequestered ground,  
The skies above, the verdant trees around ;  
Where all who stray, may mark the silent spot,  
And, musing, gaze—till all the world's forgot

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\* My altars are the mountains and the ocean,  
Earth, air, stars—all that springs from the great whole,  
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

*Don Juan.*

What waste of canvas, and what waste of paint,  
And time—and trouble that would tire a saint,  
Once every year to hang our weeping walls  
With fiery daubings, and unmeaning scrawls ;  
That all may wonder, who their entrance pay,  
What every senseless picture seems to say !

And first, Sir M——S——, the President,  
Into this wicked world a comet sent,  
To turn the empty heads he feebly takes  
In every style, but that which nature makes !  
Whose wretched drawing raises the contempt\*  
Of every school from such a dolt exempt ;  
And whose vile colour can't perpetuate  
The frivolous outline of the foolish pate,  
That graces each vain courtier ; who employs  
The hack, that all their lingering grace destroys !

Then P—e—g—, whose large, and flaming nose  
Like Bardolph's, lights him wheresoe'er he goes ;  
Sends each poor sitter to a small renown,

\* H—d— has often amused the public by descriptions of the sliding figures perpetrated by Sir M—t—, from his total ignorance of the way in which a foot should be outlined at a given distance.



With heads\* as thick and wooden as his own !

And T—n— too, a mighty criminal,  
Who hides his talents 'neath an idiot pall ;  
Fills each fine landscape† with 'a fog in fits,'  
And every mad extravagance commits ;  
A Bedlamite in painting, as in life,  
Bedlam at last will close his mortal strife.

And H—d— here I cannot choose but name,  
Whose folly hides the fulness of his fame ;  
Whose mighty deeds all show some mighty want,  
Each vast design in something ever scant.  
The saucy giant, silly as he's great,  
Has earned a worse, and yet a better fate !

And W—k—, once a star, but now a stick ;  
Once a bright taper, now a blackened wick ;

\* Those who have the pain of recalling P—e—g—'s portrait of Mr. Elphinstone, will be aware, without further explanation, of the singular facility which he displays in marring a face that depends solely on the refinement of its expression. His attempted likeness of Lady A. B—, was a triumph of vulgarity, and the immortal Duke is said to have applied the epithet of *Wood*, to the picture intended for a resemblance of himself.

† T—n—'s funniest achievement perhaps was the 'Avalanche,' palpably painted with chalk and raw eggs.

Forgets the glory of life's earlier page,  
 And paints bad portraits to disgrace his age ;\*  
 Their colour, crazy as a beldame's joke !  
 Their drawing, wavering as a stream of smoke !  
 Recant Sir W—k—, all your works look o'er,  
 And make yourself a laughing stock no more.  
 Be like great Braham,† who in age is great,  
 Nor bows like common souls to envious fate !

These, and a tribe‡ of other nameless fools  
 Crowd the dark alleys of our dreaming schools ;

\* That of the Duke of Wellington, or the Queen, for instance.

† Time cannot deprive this great artist of his most valuable powers, of that delicious musical utterance, which imparts to silver sounds, the treasures of a highly sensitive and cultivated mind. In all descriptive singing, in that lofty walk of musical composition, where the tones become a medium of representation almost as vivid as painting, this beautiful singer never had a rival, and the magnificent torrent of his voice, yields to the nice discrimination, to the eloquence of his heart. If the minstrels of the olden time possessed a voice and soul like his, one does not wonder to read that nations rushed to arms at their bidding.

‡ We must except from these remarks the accurate pencil of Landseer, who possesses a fund of sensibility, both humorous and pathetic, which it is his pleasure to convey to us, through the medium of the animal creation.

It is only when the pencil is the vehicle of the mind, that it rises above the commonest mechanical pursuit.

And with their refuse would obscure the fame,  
If ought could cloud it, of Sir Joshua's name !  
But yet a few still labour not in vain ;  
As Linton—follower of Claude Lorraine !  
Whose glowing colour, and superior thought,  
Gain not as yet the praises that they ought.  
And Redgrave—who unites the Spanish tint,  
With the rich colour of Murillo in't.  
To the nice detail of the Flemish school,  
That finishes alike a man or stool.

But one, who most deserves, exceeds our praise ;  
Who lives the lasting glory of these days ;  
Whose works will, with the ancients, travel down  
To future times, and prove his great renown  
Who scorns the frippery of the modern school,  
And moves alone to Nature's changeless rule ;  
From dullness free, and folly's frantic rage ;  
Is Briggs—the Portrait Painter of the Age !\*

\* It is utterly impossible to describe, with justice, the noble work that Briggs puts into his pictures. He combines the severest accuracy of outline, with a reality of colour that is absolutely infallible. The composition of his portraits possesses infinite variety ; and the graceful repose, which partakes largely of the Greek spirit. In the *hands* particularly, those stumbling blocks to all indifferent painters, he displays a power, and ease, a truth that becomes illusive. He will go down to posterity beside Vandyke,

The tranquil air, the grandeur of repose,  
O'er which the calm antique its spirit throws,  
The touch so pure, that needs no second care,  
All show the rival of Vandyke is there.

Strange are the symptoms of this Age of Lead !  
What Architecture grins above our head ;  
What public buildings now perpetuate  
To times unborn the terrors of our state !  
The lengthy Gallery's\* unmeaning face,  
Out of all form of beauty, or of grace,  
That frights Trafalgar Square, a foul offence,  
And lasting monument of want of sense,  
Alone will prove what Paris plaster brains  
Inspire the labours of our building swains !  
No other evidence (to cut it shorter)  
We need to prove their souls are made of mortar ;  
Dashed by a trowel into different shapes,  
Some strait, some crooked, all decided apes !

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yielding to him perhaps, in poetic fancy, but more equal, more grand, more manly in his productions. The mind that could record two such heads as Lord Eldon's, and the Duke of Wellington's, must be made of the same stirring stuff that taught our elder poets to write their monuments of lasting verse.

\* This booby's hut, I am happy to inform all who it may concern, is the bright production of W——ns, Esq.

How struts our Army in these piping days,  
Do they bewail the sadly distant bays ?  
Or, like the fox who swore the grapes were sour,  
Despise the glories of a leaden shower ;  
And clank their swords, and lounge in triumph by,  
All sucking heroes, sixty inches high ?

Behold that fair young man, whose ivory face,  
As white and smooth, proclaims his noble race ;  
Whose short attenuated form is clad  
In scarlet coat, white belt, and cotton pad ;  
And towering cap long rifled from a bear,  
That like a sentry box conceals his hair,  
And shagged with fur, threatens every hour to fall,  
Like an extinguisher, or overall,  
And quench the fury of his young renown,  
Hiding his loveliness from toe to crown !  
The guards rejoice beneath that chieftain's sword,  
And wheel, and march, obedient to a word,  
The veteran Sergeant whispers in his ear,  
That brings them up well dressed both front, and rear.  
Unless, like Hotspur's his too fiery soul,  
Outstripping sense, and scorning base control,  
Hazards an order from his soaring brain,  
That brings black chaos on the earth again ;  
While his smart company, no longer smart,

“Clubb’d and inverted” breaks the Sergeant’s heart !—  
So shall we see, in some Millenium bright,  
A lion crouch beneath a baby’s might,  
And lick its feet, and scour before its arm,  
Nor dare to work the little darling harm !  
So shall we see, on Hades’ fatal ground,  
A band of ghosts before a phantom bound ;  
Good jolly ghosts all panting for their breath,  
Wheeling, and marching, at the word of Death

Now take the line !—What noble looking form,  
That yon old garment shelters from the storm,  
Whose rugged face both war and time has scarred ;  
And, worse than both, that famine too has marred,  
Moves by the side of that long iron front,  
That oft has borne the battle’s fiery brunt ?  
’Tis an old soldier—who thro’ each campaign  
Has toiled with honour, but has toiled in vain ;  
And, unregarded in his country’s cause,  
Returns no better for her weary wars ;  
Sees beardless striplings placed above his head,  
Nor cares for that ;—his hopes for ever dead ;  
Fallen with the comrades that in battle fell  
Whose vacant places he deserves so well !  
His only care—to make his wretched pay  
Pass him with credit thro’ the lingering day

His only hope—that when his hour shall come  
His grave may echo to the muffled drum !  
Nor is that man a rare occurrence now,  
When gold alone can deck the soldier's brow ;  
Alas, how many feel his hope, and fear,  
“ All passing rich with forty pounds a year ! ”  
While wealthy fools, unknowing, and unknown,  
Scare the green rustics of each country town ;  
And, gay as peacocks, stalk with mighty noise  
Among a crowd of wondering little boys ;  
Or, deep in debt, damn all but useful bail,  
Props of the dun, and pillars of the jail !

---

Does Physic flourish in this world of ills,  
Where nought can flourish ? How are drafts and pills ?  
Alas, I fear but sadly ! Looking down !  
The mad Homœopathists are still in town ;  
And El—ts—n forgets the art of pilling,  
And leaves it all to H—l—d, and to B—l—g ;  
While with magnetic influence he draws  
From its sly covert each unwilling cause ;  
And turns his patients out as well and free  
As if old Adam never robbed the tree !  
Alas, 'tis vain to jest, when truth proclaims

Our fathers' ashes nourish not their flames !\*  
When Ratcliff gone, and Hunter passed away,  
Have left no sons to emulate their sway !  
And Mead no more, and Sydenham a sound,  
Have plunged our doctors in a blue profound ;  
No light like Cullen to enlarge the day,  
And drive them from their victims' beds away.  
Alas the time ! when caring not for cause,  
They treat each strange effect with certain laws,  
Which like the Persian edicts seldom vary,  
And then alone to please the 'Pothecary,  
Who, closely standing by, with simper sees  
The mighty balsam give a moment's ease  
In one poor place, and drive the changing pain  
First up, then down, then round, and back again ;  
Hoping, yet fearing, that, midst all the scurry,  
The frightened cause may'nt bustle in a hurry.  
Alas, how fixed is man ! How firm his woe !  
In these quick times how Medicine marches slow !  
And Physic crawls, no better understood,  
Or not so well as t'was by Dr. Good !  
Where mind is wanting must confusion come ;†

\* " Even in our ashes glow their wonted fires !"

† Amid the present dearth of medical talent there is one, in this metropolis, whose labours in the fields of science have been well



Tho' facts collect, their oracles are dumb ;  
So patients prove a puzzle quite as strong ;  
And wondering doctors wish they may'nt be wrong !

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How looks our Navy ? How appears each ship ?  
Like sickly chickens, dying of the pip !  
Scanty, and poor, they wander up and down  
Like pining rooks, when all their young are flown ;  
And haunt each scene, and flutter round each spot,  
Their former glories scarcely yet forgot !  
Where are the ancient rulers of the wave ?  
An Irish echo answers—in their grave !  
Where is our Nelson ? Gone alas, to Davy !  
Where are his sailors ? Rotting with his navy !  
Where their souls ? I hope in heaven freed !  
Where are the fires that filled them ? Where indeed !

rewarded, whose devotion to the interests of humanity, have been crowned with unequalled success, in the discovery of a substitute for Mercury, and other baneful minerals ; which, mild as it is efficacious, he has employed for years. Never were the triumphs of medicine more advanced than by this gentleman, whose skill in adapting his remedies, whose extraordinary intuition in detecting the causes of disease, are only equalled by his liberality, in imparting that knowledge to his junior brethren, which a life of toil has amassed, and which a powerful intellect has refined.

Where are the statesmen that their faith rewarded ?  
All dead ! Their councils ? Long ago discarded !  
Who holds the nation's purse strings in their room,  
And sees her well surrounded ? Joseph Hume !  
Have you these bulwarks now ? You hardly know ?  
An *English* echo this time answers—no !  
What will protect us from the Russian force,  
That gathers fast ? Our wailings ! worse and worse !  
What can preserve us from the other Powers,  
That cluster on the horizon ? Golden showers !  
Where will they come from ? Borrow ! Who's to pay ?  
That shall be settled on some future day !  
What can prevent our flag from being torn ?  
Nothing—'*tis rent* ! !—Alas, that I was born !

Mourn ! Britons, mourn ! that vile and open shame  
Has dared to cloud our long unclouded name,  
And insult too has used with foulest scorn  
The flag, that once as glorious as the morn,  
Streamed like a beacon o'er the conquered sea,  
Strong as the storm, and as the ocean free !  
Mourn ! Britons, mourn ! But yet will sorrow save  
The wanderers o'er the once familiar wave,  
From any degradation which the arm  
Of wanton fools may find to work them harm ?  
From any tyranny our envious foes,

Whose hearts once drooped, where'er our Colours rose,  
Whose stoutest souls oncemarked with speechless dread,  
Our gallant ships, and from them frightened fled,  
May chose from hatred, or from lust of power,  
To wreak upon them in unguarded hour ?  
Will heartfelt, bitter, ever burning shame,  
Relight the lustre of our tarnished name ?  
Or make us what we ever used to be,  
Loved by the weak—and honoured by the free ?  
Will grief recal from dust one treasured name  
Of those, whose triumphs were each Briton's fame,  
Whose glories were our birthright—which till now  
Had bloomed unblemished on our country's brow ?  
Will tears—the scalding tears of manhood—raise  
Our soulless rulers from the dull amaze  
That reigns quiescent on each languid head,  
And tell them that their holiest cause is dead !  
That all which raised our nation o'er a host  
Of mighty nations, and enriched her most,  
And made her proudly rule from East to West,  
A sceptred monarch on old ocean's breast,  
Is waning,—nay, *has waned* ! beneath their sway,  
That like an ulcer eats itself away ?  
No ! Sorrow vaileth nothing—shame will throw  
No soothing sunshine over real woe !  
Still must we be, while such our country rule,

Scorned by each knave—and laughed at by each fool !  
Still must our navy, once our honest pride,  
In doubtful trust thro' distant oceans glide,  
And steal, like smugglers, stealthily along  
Lest any upstart, if perchance more strong,  
Should seize their *pilot* for a welcome sop,  
Nor care a fig what Colours fly at top ;  
And treat the now degraded British flag  
With no more honour than a dirty rag !  
May shame, eternal shame, and ruin, fall  
In overwhelming force upon them all,  
Who, bolstered up by jarring factions, strive  
To longer keep their wretched rule alive ;  
And with their thin, and meagre councils steep,  
The British honour, in that loathsome deep,  
Of dire disgrace, where they themselves have found  
A shelter safe from Virtue's dreaded sound !  
If these *our* feelings ; what unfeigned disgust  
A foe must feel for those he cannot trust ?  
Whose friendship is no safety—and whose flag  
In times of discord proves an empty brag !  
Save to a few, alarmed and weak Chinese,  
Who fly the thunders of such gods as these ;  
And scud away half frightened at their noise,  
As sparrows fear the shouts of little boys !  
Oh Lethe ! where is now thy fabled stream ?  
Oh, could the past but feel a troubled dream ;

An ignominious trance ; a leprous blot  
On memory's page—but soon to be forgot !  
Alas, in vain I wish ; no inky wave  
Immures its foulness in the silent grave !  
But glaring like a pestilence on high,  
It spreads its baseness thro' the clouded sky !  
For these, and other curses, shall we throw  
Defiance at the fools that brought us low ?  
Or shall we rather, like the cringing Jew,  
With 'bated breath' for further curses sue ?  
And prove tho' they most despicable are  
That we ourselves are baser—viler far ?  
Forbid it Gods ! No—rather let us say ;  
Where are the glories ye have dashed away ?  
Where are the wreaths that once enclosed our brow,  
The many laurels—say, where are they now ?  
Where are the honours centuries had placed  
Upon our country's front—long undefaced,  
Till you—and all your viporous rout came in,  
To blight the garlands, that ye ne'er could win ?  
Then will ye answer—if ye answer well,  
In whimpering tones, " alas, we cannot tell !"  
*We* saw no glories that we could erase,  
*We* saw an annual stipend in their place !  
Indeed no wreaths, no laurels, found we here,  
We found instead—good living—and good cheer !

We stole them not to flourish on our head,  
Good flaxen wigs protect our brains of lead !  
We saw no honours—or e'en had we seen,  
Not one of us had known what they might mean !  
We took them not—for neither would they fit  
Our plodding fancies—nor would suit our wit !  
What garland is it you're so angry at ?  
We want no garland, while we've got a hat !  
Alas, poor wretched fools ! it is too true ;  
Nobility was never meant for *you*.  
Some are born great, to greatness some attain,  
While you have greatness thrust on you—in vain !  
Are these the men that boast a patriot's name,  
To guard our honour, and defend our fame ?  
Are these the men to fight our country's cause,  
Props of the state—and pillars of the laws ?  
Are these the men that heaven has kindly sent  
To bless us with a better government,  
To preach submission to the gods' decree,  
Nor take amiss, whatever that may be ?  
Are these the men—or say—are these the fools,  
Whose faces lengthen as their courage cools,  
When spring round them, they behold amazed,  
The threatened vengeance, that their deeds have raised ?  
A slave long spurned at, even by a clown,  
Will rise at last, and knock the clodpole down ;

So they at length will find, when men are tired,  
Of ever new disgraces, that inspired  
With honest indignation, they no more  
Will bear the puppets, they obeyed before !  
Thus we behold a drove of snorting swine  
Regard their leader as a pig divine ;  
And mounting bank, and ditch—thro' hedge and rail,  
Obsequious follow at his dirty tail !  
Until, if too degraded in desire,  
He leads them headlong thro' the filthiest mire,  
They pause at last near some more treacherous bog,  
And view askance the once much honoured hog ;  
Then, turning from him with indignant nod,  
Deny in toto his descent from God ;  
And so, the Minister they now call prime,  
Will soon appear not nearly so sublime ;  
A little longer, and his friends will rail  
Against the colour of his curly tail ;  
And then—they'll winking say in every sense  
His honour is a pig of impudence ;  
Until at last when spattered o'er and o'er,  
They'll turn in deep disgust—nor own him more !  
And then, alas, not earlier ! may we hope  
In honour with the world again to cope ;  
And gaze o'er land and wave—nor fear to see  
Our Colours used with like indignity

Then glorious moment ! o'er the world again  
Britannia will assert her mighty reign,  
And nations humbly hold our favours dear,  
And prize our friendship—and our fury fear !  
Then will our foes beneath our vengeance quail,  
Not spurn our wrath—and see our kindness fail,  
As now they do—our holiest honours dead !  
While Europe pities her it used to dread.  
Then happy hour ! from clouds that veiled her round,  
Alone in beauty—springing from the ground,  
Will rise Britannia—freed from every stain,  
And still more lovely—gladden earth again !

---

Such are our Men ; but say, what Woman smile  
Like pitying angels on our altered Isle,  
And pour the healing virtues of their mind  
O'er the dark sorrows of abased mankind ?  
What Women bless the relics of our power,  
And prove their sway in misery's weary hour ?  
Ah, Beauty wanes not—tho' all else may wane ;  
Destruction scowls on loveliness in vain !  
Our honours fallen—our glories in the grave,  
Virtue, and love, may still our country save ;  
Still may our land abandoned by her men,



'Neath woman's power, bloom fresh and green again.  
To you I turn ! sweet saints of Liberty,  
Britannia's daughters, ever fair and free !  
To you I turn ! how loved—how lovely all,  
Lift from your nation's brow its leaden pall !  
With hands, as snowy as the ocean's spray,  
Dash the dank death drops from her cheek away !  
With eyes, that shine like Venus' shining star,  
Drive the pale phantoms of the tomb afar !  
And with your lips, as rosy as the morn,  
Imprint a kiss upon her front forlorn !  
With *you* it rests—and rests with *you* alone,  
To place Britannia on her ancient throne ;  
Wipe the hot tear drops from her weeping eyes,  
And raise her face in glory toward the skies !  
Pause ! ere you turn away—reflect ! before  
You close for ever mercy's hallowed door.  
With you it rests a purer soul to spread  
Thro' the dull twaddlers of this Age of Lead !  
With you it rests, with your resistless might,  
To fire each spirit for a glorious fight ;  
To kindle once again our ancient zeal,  
And warm each Briton with a Briton's weal ;  
With words of music, and with looks of love,  
To raise our arms a bondsman's chains above ;  
Defy the billows of devouring time,

And stand alone—unfearing, and sublime !  
With you it rests, bright forms of happiness,  
Our wailing nation once again to bless ;  
With taper fingers every bond untwine,  
And lead her forth in liberty divine !  
Then will you fail us ? No—misfortune, hate,  
Or other foes may meet us in the gate,  
And strike us down, and lay us in the dust,  
Still on your constancy we proudly trust !  
Holy as sunshine is a Woman's soul,  
When heaven directs, and nature's smiles control.  
How perfect in the pureness of its trust,  
A spotless Seraph watching mortal dust ;  
Each thought a virtue—like a sleeping dove  
Ready to rise aloft, and whisper love !  
How calm her air ! That hides the quenchless power  
Concealed beneath, to soothe Affliction's hour ;  
How sweet her smile ! That brightly beameth still,  
Like Goodness shining on a scene of ill ;  
How firm her features ! Where no quivering shows  
The inward ravage of enduring woes ;  
When all she loves, before her lies in death,  
And sinks the eye, and weaker steals the breath ;  
When all she loves, grows ghastly to the view,  
And manhood quails, and nought but love is true ;  
When youth's strong spirit, like a shrivelled scroll,

Shrinks wasted up, and darkness wraps the soul,  
Till Feeling's o'er, and Life deserts her throne,  
And the fond Watcher feels herself—alone !  
You will not fail us ! Tho' all fail beside,  
And Death above us spreads his pinions wide.  
You will not fail us ! Tho' all else may turn,  
And friends avoid our path, and menials spurn.  
Upon your faith, upon your changeless love,  
May we depend, as on the powers above !  
Then save, as well you can, our falling state !  
Reform, again to good, our evil fate !  
Urge us ! Exhort ! (Your eloquence will not  
Be used in vain) to cleanse the leprous blot,  
That folly flung upon our country's face,  
And greater folly fixes in its place !  
From high to low—in every passing thing,  
Shadow our dulness with a favouring wing !  
And here a frown, and there a tear employ,  
Till what remains of sorrow turns to joy !  
Improve your arts, increase your magic wiles,  
Till gladness bursts around in sunny smiles !  
Exert your powers—till every soul's elate  
With hope's enchanting dreams—and Britain's great !

'Tis true your sway no longer holds its prime,  
As in the noble English olden time ;

And your free thoughts are cabined, and confined,  
And your souls chilled beneath the March of Mind ;  
And villain Education has depressed  
With icy bonds the fountain of each breast ;  
Turning to evil what by nature springs  
In holiest incense to the King of kings  
Teaching deceit to triumph over soul,  
And honest shame to lose its wise control !  
Yet innate virtue, rising in your hearts,  
Defies the spreading power of demon arts,  
And shines aloft, as does the glorious day,  
That melts to air the vapours in her way !  
And tho', in slavery from your childhood bound,  
Like pinioned birds, you struggle on the ground,  
A little common courage breaks each band,  
And sets you free—the glory of the land !  
Then think ! Reflect ! Forget your education !  
Be born again—the blessings of the nation !

Alas, how baneful is Instruction now,  
That to one port directs each different prow ;  
And every mind, and every adverse frame,  
Instructs and urges to attempt the same ;  
From dawning youth directs each different head  
To gain the honours of the marriage bed !  
And tries to prove, in precept most uncivil,

'That ancient Maids are daughters of the devil.  
And bends each thought to that desired success,  
And decks their little limbs in richest dress ;  
Teaching their willing minds that clothes alone  
Raise them half way to that exalted throne ;  
Not tasteful, or artistical, but gay,  
And rich as fine, and costly as they may.  
From the new cradle to the narrow grave,  
For this one wish, like starving cats, they crave ;  
The same poor fancy, like a nightmare, rides  
Their labouring bosoms—to be blushing brides !  
Taught from their youth the mighty end of life  
Is rapt in that one witching word—a wife.  
What ill more dread than Education now,  
That darkens o'er each soft and snowy brow ;  
And fills each panting child with wearying sense,  
Till the health sinks beneath its influence ?  
Lo, pallid cheeks, and ghastly, shrunken limbs,  
And feet that falter as the forehead swims,  
Too truly tell, how withering are the rules,  
That send each budding Miss to boarding schools !  
A boarding school ! Foul omen of the times,  
Where feeble follies grow at last to crimes.  
Hot bed of lies ! Where matrons toil, and spin,  
To teach the young idea how to sin !  
Where the first rudiments of every thing

Poured on their memories, are forbade to spring ;  
But useless lie, an undigested ball,  
Most melancholy, most unmusical !  
Till each young mind, disgusted with its cares,  
The wholesome wheat weighed down by choking tares,  
And filled with folly, loathes each higher thought,  
And finishes the farce it there is taught ;  
Pursues the phantoms of a mind diseased,  
And follows pleasure, never to be pleased !  
There may you hear the sound of light guitar,  
Or loud piano frightening peace afar ;  
While coughing school girls clang each screaming string,  
Or struggle, with contracted chests, to sing !  
And thus they murder melody, to prove  
To some assembly, how its charms they love ;  
Themselves, tormented with the hideous pain,  
Some fated ‘ party’ to torment again !  
For all, or musical or not, are taught,  
With silver sounds poor hunted man is caught ;  
And they who cannot sing, perforce must play,  
Or live unwooded from dreary day to day !  
Then dancing too, that rare accomplishment ;  
And the fond Waltz, where more than’s seen is meant ;  
Taught, by themselves, all *harmlessly* to spin,  
Till some auspicious moment whispers sin !  
When man—respecting nought—where nought demands

A due respect—folds freely in his hands  
The willing waist, and, whirling round and round,  
Completes the magic of the music's sound ;  
And fills the raging breast with base desire,  
Then first awakened by his touch of fire !  
Go, greedy waltz—nor pander here again,  
Thou base conception of a German brain ;  
Break not the spell no mortal can replace ;  
Cloud not the glories of each lovely face ;  
Dash not the dew of freshness in the dust ;  
Nor turn each lawful love to lawless lust !  
The waist, encircled by a stranger's arm,  
Tho' loved before, then loses every charm ;  
The eye, so gazed on, cannot gaze around,  
And see each heart in its bright influence bound ;  
The hand, so fondly pressed in that close hold,  
Tho' white as ever yields its power of old ;  
For love's strong chains, like cobwebs, fall away ;  
Respect shrinks back ; and Caution whispers, stay !  
Pause, ere you ask for what, not you alone,  
But every coxcomb may regard his own,  
Her heartless heart !—Then feel, when rising free,  
The waltzing maiden\* waltzes not for me !

\* If such thou lovest—love her then no more ;  
Or give—like her—caresses to a score.

And with Bombastes say, "Let him who can  
Fancy the maid that fancies every man!"  
Thus are their precious moments hurried by  
To teach them what? To feign false gaiety!  
Their time, all frittered in this foolish haste,  
Leaves them accomplished.—With what truth, or taste?  
Can their minds reason on one given word?  
They think, as Turkeys journey, in a herd;  
With one director which they all obey,  
And a red rag\* to mark their wandering way!  
Can one declare what Independence means?  
Not one, but on some fancied pillar leans;  
Some dreamed support on which to rest her state;  
Some golden calf to worship as her fate!  
What taste do they display in labouring hard \*  
To gain those goods which prove their own reward?  
Lo! with much trouble, and with more expense,  
They perfect grow in every useless sense!  
Each gaudy trap, that takes the empty head  
Of hapless man, they gather up instead;  
And sing, and draw, and dance, and sigh, and die,  
And live again—again to die, and sigh!  
Each silly bait, that fits them for the strife,

\* Quere? Is their known predeliction for army gentlemen, the  
'red rag,' which the author describes as directing their way?



And most unfits them for the prize—a wife !  
Each paltry gewgaw, that becomes the game,  
And unbecomes its end—a matron tame !  
Each wretched folly, which they're taught by art,  
Will catch their worthless prey—a coxcomb's heart !  
They learn in full perfection, and become  
Dark as the blind, and speechless as the dumb !  
Useless for all the purposes of life,  
Useless as maidens, useless as a wife,  
As mothers more than useless, who remove  
Their helpless babes a stranger's care to prove !

Yet still to you I turn—to you I pray !  
For hell may hate, but cannot harm your sway.  
Yet still to you I turn—no mortal hand  
Can cloud the radiance of your strong command !  
No mortal wrong, however foul, or great,  
Can break the beauties of your bruised estate !  
No mortal mischief cankering, as 'tis vile,  
Can dim the brightness of your heaven-born smile !  
Or mortal sin immortal virtue slight !  
Or mortal woe your heavenly lustre blight !  
Then still to you I turn—nor turn in vain !  
Strike from the arms of Slavery, slavery's chain ;  
Relight from your bright essence Glory's fire ;

Rebuild her throne, ingulphed in greediest mire ;  
Rekindle once again what long has fled ;  
Open our tombs ; recal our mighty dead ;  
In their damp grave-clothes show them slumbering all,  
Like fallen giants honoured in their fall ;  
Infuse their souls in this poor race of men,  
And let Britannia laugh with joy again !  
You will ! Each virgin pleads her country's right ;  
Each blushing virgin proves her matchless might ;  
Each matron bids, like Grecian wives of yore,  
Her husband conquer, or return no more.  
All, filled with love, forget to flirt with fools,  
Reclaim their country, and disclaim their schools ;  
Using the moments of each softer hour  
To plead her holiest cause, and prove her power !  
Then, bright will bloom the garland on her brow ;  
Britannia—who will be as blest as thou ?  
Thy warlike sons increasing thy renown,  
Thy daughters watching o'er it as their own ;  
Thine ancient glories to green youth renewed,  
The monarch's safeguard, and the people's good ;  
Thy massive bulwarks that have stood the wear,  
The strife of centuries, still fresh and fair ;  
And Mind, disdaining the false 'march of mind,'  
The trusty sentinel intrenched behind !

When startled Europe sees with wondering eye  
The towering front of thy new Majesty ;  
That proudly rules once more the rolling deep,  
A second Sampson risen from his sleep ;  
While rays of Wisdom crown each Statesman's head,  
And times of Gold succeed the ' Age of Lead !'

THE END.

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